

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
Vol. XXIII. }

JULY, 1872.

{ NEW SERIES.
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THE BEES.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THESE have come in quite liberally during the month of June. The societies which have contributed have in many instances increased their contributions over former years, and some send their offerings for the first time.

We find among the societies we have visited, a genuine interest in Sunday-school work; and the cordial letters we receive from ministers and superintendents attest the same interest. The Sunday-school Society is regarded with more and more favor as its operations are understood.

The fact still remains, that only a portion of our Unitarian societies contribute to the funds of the general society. We do not believe that this is owing to a lack of interest on the part of the societies themselves, but we believe it is owing to the fact that the subject is not brought before them.

We do not expect our young readers to be much interested in this article, but we want to ask them to call their parents' attention to it, their minister's attention to it, and do what they can to have it generally known that there is a Unitarian Sunday-school Society; that its mission is to aid in opening new Sunday schools; to provide manuals or lesson-sheets, and needed apparatus for Sunday schools; to diffuse information in regard to the best methods of conducting Sunday schools; to extend to teachers the helps they require; to publish *The Dayspring*, which it is still desirable to improve, and make more serviceable in the cause of religious education; — and that, in order that the society may do all this work well, it must have money.

And, further, young friends, if your societies will not move in the matter, why not try to have something done through your

Sunday schools? We received a letter the other day that made us very glad and very hopeful. If the spirit that is in the school from which that letter came were in all the schools and all the churches, there would be no want of means to carry on every good work. Here is the letter: —

PORTLAND, Me., June 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR, — Rev. Mr. Buck has kindly permitted me to forward this contribution of \$21.50, thereby enabling me to express my hearty sympathy with you in your work of making the Sunday-school Society something more than a publishing house of a child's paper. I wish you all success, and think you have made a good start. Park-street Society, has as much as it can do to *live*; and for that reason we requested the children to get what they could, hoping to collect an amount from the school which would be creditable for a school, though not for a church collection. The result you have. The response from a school of *forty* pupils is satisfactory to me, and I hope will be to you.

Very respectfully,

E. A. NOYES.

MAY MEETING OF THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

A GOOD audience gathered at the Church of the Unity, Boston, on Wednesday afternoon, May 29th, at the Society meeting. The president, William H. Baldwin, occupied the chair.

Rev. W. H. Cudworth, of East Boston, commenced the discussion upon the assigned topic, — "Religious training the distinctive purpose of the Sunday school." By various illustrations he showed what various kinds of training accomplished, and made clear the necessity of more sustained and vigorous efforts to train children early to love God, to love duty, to walk in the paths of righteousness.

Various speakers followed, and a good, spirited discussion was kept up through the afternoon.

In some respects it was one of the best meetings of the kind we have known.* Less was said for the mere purpose of talk, and more was said out of a deep conviction that the religious instruction and training of the young is the great work of the church and the home.

The speeches were practical. Not only the importance of doing, but the way of doing was considered. Much was said about methods, and something about the work the Society proposes to undertake.

The Rev. Oscar Clute, of Vineland, N. J., offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we heartily commend the movement made by the directors of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, towards publishing a series of lesson-sheets to be used upon the "one-lesson system" in our Sunday schools; that we hope they will be able fully to accomplish this work, and that we pledge them our hearty support in introducing the system into our schools.

VISITS TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

WOULD the readers of "The Dayspring" like to accompany the editor on some of his visits to Sunday schools? If so, he will be delighted to have their company, and will share with them the pleasure he receives.

First we will step in and take a look at the Howard Sunday School, connected with the Bulfinch Street Church, Boston. The pastor of the church, Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, author of the "Question-Books" many of us use, is its superintendent.

What a fine room! How light and cheery! Mottoes, pictures, &c., adorn the walls. The finish and furnishings are all in good taste. There is every thing to please, and nothing to offend.

"How many scholars are there?" Somewhere about three hundred. The school is very attractive. Mr. Winkley has some of the best men and women in Boston for teachers. They are greatly interested in the work, and render faithful service.

"Which is Mr. Winkley?" That is he in that corner; and the gentleman he is talking with is Mr. Fretwell, of England, who has come over to this country to learn how we carry on our Sunday schools, and manage our benevolent and industrial organizations. Mr. Fretwell is surprised to find our schools so different from the Sunday schools in his country. There they are mostly for the poor and ignorant children, and these children have to be taught to read and spell and the like.

Come up on the platform here, and take a good look at the school as the class exercises are going on. Can you find a class not employed? Do you see boys and girls talking and playing, inattentive to their teacher? No? Well, did you ever see happier and more interested scholars and teachers?

This is the appearance every school should present. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty groups of scholars, each group gathered around its teacher, and all absorbed in the lesson for the day.

You have not seen all Mr. Winkley's school yet. Come into this pleasant side-room. Here are fifty or sixty little ones that Miss Merrill and her assistants have charge of. They have their opening and closing exercises, and lessons all by themselves. Let us sit right down in the little chairs, and make believe we are scholars. "Tell us a story," says a little girl. "Well, you tell one, and then I will." So she tells her little story, and gets one in return.

It is about time for school to close: so we had better go now, or, may be, Mr.

Winkley will want some of us to say something. I am afraid we are none of us very good speech-makers. But if ever Mr. Winkley comes into any of our schools, we will be sure to get a good talk out of him.

Our next visit shall be at Newport, R.I. Everybody likes to go to Newport, especially in the summer. We cannot stop to look out upon the ocean, to admire the gay villas, to examine the old tower, or even to visit Ida Lewis at the light-house. We pass up one of the streets leading from the main street, and soon come to a little church, possessing no great beauty, but much interest. Dr. Channing attended this church in his youth, and here he commenced his preaching. Rev. C. T. Brooks (whose initials, "C. T. B.," we are always so glad to see in "The Dayspring") has been the pastor for more than thirty years. We will not go into the church, but walk up a pleasant path by its side to a door that opens into a pleasant chapel attached to the back part of the church.

What do we see over the door? "Hope Chapel." What a beautiful name for a Sunday-school room! And what a cosy place it is when we get into it! We cannot help wishing that every Sunday school had so convenient a place to meet in.

The occasion seems to be a Sunday-school concert. The chapel is filled with scholars and their friends. Vases of sweet flowers gladden our eyes, — and see that beautiful floral anchor on the wall! How homelike and pleasant every thing is!

All join heartily in the devotional exercises. Now, the superintendent calls upon one after another to contribute something to the occasion interesting and enjoyable. Teachers even are not exempt. They, as called upon, recite some choice selection, tell some story, or speak upon some subject, just as the scholars recite their pieces.

What, the superintendent himself coming down upon the same level, and doing the same thing! Well, this is the true way to do things! Not some try to make others work; but all take hold and work together.

The superintendent now notices Captain Gordon, of Taunton, among the audience, and calls upon him to come forward and say a word. Captain Gordon obeys: and impresses upon all the necessity of setting a good example, and leading others in the right way.

What if the superintendent shall see us! Yes, there is the order. Some of us must do our part. Never mind: anybody can speak in Hope Chapel, with that beautiful floral anchor before him, emblem of that hope, which is "as an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast."

Now we will join in singing the closing hymn, and then go to our homes with more hope in our hearts for our Sunday schools, and for the world.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

III.

"God will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."

PERHAPS some of my little friends — readers of "The Dayspring" — may wish to know somewhat more about the stars which shine so brightly night after night, and the sun which "walks in glory by day."

Even when a day is cloudy and stormy, we receive light from the sun, though the clouds partially veil the full light from us. The glorious light of the sun obscures from our sight the stars, which are shining *the same by day* as by night; "day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge."

You probably have thought that the sun is *stationary*; but no! whilst the earth is

moving in its orbit around the sun, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles in *one* hour, the sun, also, is moving in *its* orbit one hundred and eighty thousand miles in one hour. But you ask, "Around what is the sun revolving?"

Some pleasant evening you must ask some kind friend to point out to you the stars called the Pleiades in the constellation Taurus; the *brightest* star among the Pleiades is named *Alcyone*. It is around Alcyone that our sun is revolving, and *twenty million years* must pass away before the sun makes *one* revolution around Alcyone.

"Who shall be filled with beholding the glory of the Lord? The pride of the height, the clear firmament, the beauty of Heaven, with its glorious shew: the sun when it appeareth, declaring at his risings a marvellous instrument, the work of the most High, sending forth bright beams that dimmeth the eyes. Swift is the sun in his course, and great is the Lord that made it."

If you lived in one of the fixed stars, our sun would then appear to you to be a star. All of the stars that we see, excepting the planets, are really suns, each probably having planets revolving around them as our sun has. These stars are called *fixed* stars, because it was formerly believed that they never moved; but it has now been discovered that some of them move in orbits just as our sun is moving, — so we know that all, even those too far distant for us to observe, revolve around *their* centres.

Suppose you should try to ascend in a balloon to the fixed star which is *nearest* to the earth, and that the balloon should carry you up, up, up, about one hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles every *second*, yet you would be almost *three years* in ascending to that *nearest* fixed star. Even the pole-star, which guides the mariner in his course, is so far distant from us, that, if ascending in that

swift-moving balloon, you would be *forty-five years* before reaching it. Whilst Alcyone, around which we are revolving with our sun, is even more remote from us, for that balloon going up, up, one hundred and eighty-seven thousand miles a *second*, would be nearly *seven hundred years* arriving there; and many, many stars are even at a much greater distance than Alcyone.

"The Lord is very great, and marvellous is his power. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works."

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."

"The Lord telleth the number of the stars." "Praise ye him sun and moon: praise him all ye stars of light."

* * *

For The Dayspring.

TRUST.

THE city swarmed with people. Men, women, and children were hurrying along on the sidewalks, and carts and horses, with their drivers, blocked the streets; but the little doves moved carelessly about among them, picking up crumbs and seeds almost from under the feet of the horses and men. I looked at them, wondering at their fearlessness and unconcern, and then I said: "Pretty creatures, you shall be my teachers; you trust in men and brutes, and you are not harmed. Shall not I trust in the wise and good God. I will henceforth go quietly on my way, doing the work which lies nearest to my hand, and burdened with no anxious thoughts about present danger or future trouble."

M. L. B.



THE BUTTERFLIES.

GOD'S PRAISE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ON Earth is not a creature
For Thee, dear God, too small;
Thou gavest them their nature,
Thy children are they all.

The bird, through ether sweeping,
Pours grateful melody;
The serpent, lowly creeping,
Hisses his joy to Thee.

The little swimming fishes
To Thee, Lord, are not dumb;
Thou hearest all their wishes,
To Thee their voices come.

The little fly-swarms quiver
Before Thee in the sun;
To thank the great Joy-Giver
Too poor or small is none.

Sun, moon, go up and under,
In Thy great kingdom's range;
And every thing's a wonder,
All things alike are strange.

No house-top sparrow falleth,
And from our heads no hair,
Lord, without Thee, nor calleth
In vain to Thee one prayer.

To Thee, on high,
Man and beast do cry;
To Thee the bird sings;
To Thee the fish springs;
To Thee the bee hums,
And the cockchafer bums;

Pipes little mousey, too, in the wall,—
Lord God, they praise thee, one and all!

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

ABOUT BUNCH.

BY P. THORNE.

THE other day an old gentleman drove up,
and fastened his horse to the hitching-post
under my window. He left his coat on the
buggy-seat, in charge of a small dog.

This dog I at once dubbed "Bunch" in

my own mind, he was such a square little
chunk of a dog. He had evidently been
pampered with good things and choice bits,
till his eyes literally stood out with fatness.
But prosperity had not in the least injured
his integrity. If anybody ever displayed
a firm intention to "stand on the burning
deck" to the last, it was Bunch. He was
evidently "spoiling for a fight." He only
wanted to see some one try to take that
coat.

A man came driving along by, snapping
his whip carelessly. Bunch at once roused
like a lion, and stood up erect with his
forefeet on the back of the buggy-seat,
bristling with indignation, and barking all
over, to the very tip of his tail. The man
past, Bunch lay down again, with the calm
satisfaction of one who has "fought a good
fight," and utterly used up his enemy.

He lay, with his head between his paws,
his eyes open, glancing suspiciously every
way for an enemy. Any approach to the
buggy, however accidental, called out a
fierce demonstration from Bunch. All the
men thus suddenly attacked laughed at
Bunch,—even while he was barking in
their faces,—he was so small and fierce,
so unnecessarily important.

Bunch was not to be allured from his post
by the enticements of pleasure. A most fasci-
nating and promiscuous dog-fight took place
not far off. Bunch sat up on the seat, with
pointed ears straight up, watching it with
deep interest, and joining to the extent of
an occasional bark, but never thinking
of deserting duty.

By and by the old gentleman came back.
Bunch stood up, wagged his tail furiously,
and, looking in his master's face, said as
plain as dog could say,—

"You see I haven't let any one touch it."

The old gentleman returned Bunch's
greeting with a pleasant smile. There was

evidently the best of understanding between Bunch and his master. It struck me as a much more creditable state of things than when a dog or horse jumps and winces when his master comes near, expecting a kick or blow.

The old gentleman drove off, Bunch sitting on the seat beside him in a dignified manner, looking as if the whole establishment belonged to him. They disappeared up the street, and that was the last I ever saw of my friend Bunch. But as every thing has a moral, even to small dogs, it seemed to me Bunch had reminded me of something worth remembering.

The poet says: "Be to the best thou knowest ever true." If we could only be as faithful and trusty and true to our duties as little Bunch was to his; if we could always resist temptation as stoutly, and stick as manfully to a disagreeable duty just because it is our duty; if we would only stand at our post, and do our best right there where we are put, — why then, by and by, our Master would come too, saying, —

"Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER I.

HADLEY, Sept., 1868.

DEAR LOU, — Such a delightful plan! Mother and Mrs. Carrol were talking. Mrs. Carrol said, "Don't you wish you could move to Boston?"

"No," said mother, "Hadley's a better place to bring Madge up in, it's so still."

"Still enough; and dull enough."

"I'm too busy to be dull," said mother.

Now, Lou, if a still place is good to teach us in, so it is for the dolls. It was well enough to amuse them when they were babies, but now it's full time to teach them something useful. Mother says it helps minds to write letters. So, if you agree, we'll begin to write, and to teach the dolls. To be sure we shall have a hard time with them, for (don't tell anybody) they're both contrary. Ping Wing is so slow learning to talk, that yesterday I tried her with the dumb alphabet, but her fingers were stiff, and she didn't even learn A and B, though I went over and over that A was like the roof of a house, and B like two balls on top. But Ping Wing, though really bright, is frightfully stupid over the dumb alphabet. But she looks funny when she's stupid, like old Mr. —; there, I forgot! Mother said, "Child, never say any one looks stupid. No one makes his looks. And the brightest of us know so little, that if the angels were as unkind as we, they would call us more than stupid, — silly." I remember what mother said, Lou; because her eyes are right beautiful when she speaks good words.

I'm going to tell you a secret, that only mother knows; I've been jealous because you called Slater brighter than Ping Wing. I'm not going to be so any more; for mother says to be jealous is a mean trait. But it will be fun to compare the dolls' notes; for *they* must write sometimes.

Mother says Ping Wing *talks* pretty well for a doll; but that she asks too many questions, and doesn't listen to the answers. I wonder what you and Slater are doing. I'll tell you what we talked about.

"Ping Wing, hold up your head, and look straight at your mother; she's not going to pull a tooth this time."

"Don't call me Ping Wing."

"My dear!" for I was cross, as Lucy Carrol says her father is when he calls her

mother "dear." (Would your father, Lou, if he'd lived, call you mother "dear"?) "My dear! but Kate Tom gave you that name because of your feet."

"I don't eat mice."

"Of course not. Only cats eat mice in Hadley. When Mr. Knott took your measure, he said I must pay for a little wooden last, all for you. But 'no,' said I, 'make them 'cording to judgment, as grandma puts in the spice; but make them to last, it's so dear keeping a doll.' 'My dear,' said he, laughing (I hate to have folks laugh sometimes), 'we don't make shoes of lasting now.'"

"I'm tired of Knott!" said Ping Wing. "Why wasn't I a horse? or Slater? Where's my tongue? Why can't I sit up, and hear the wood sputter?"

"I'm ashamed of you, when you know your mother can't guess conundrums. You're a doll, because you're not a dollar. How I cried when I ripped open my money-box, to get my only one to pay for you, undressed. You couldn't be a horse, because you belong to a girl, and have no tail nor mane. Slater chose to be cousin Lou's doll. I shall punish you severely if you talk about a tongue, when you won't talk. As for sitting up, what does 'early to bed' do for you?"

"Makes me healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"Now, I'm going to teach you a lesson. Listen to the stones—"

"Stones can't talk!"

"Don't interrupt. Stones say, 'See how smooth we are; and make walls and houses. Listen to the leaves; leaves say, 'How smooth we are; we are the birds' dancing and singing schools—'"

Ping Wing gaped, and I packed her to bed in the middle of the day. Then how I wished Tom was a baby, and not a big boy at sea. How I'd trot him. I loved Tom this time,

for he ran out of the room twice to save Ping Wing's feelings when laughing at her. He's promised to bring me a coral baby (shall it be red or white?), dressed in seaweed.

Is the sky dull this fall, it cries so often? Mother says we should not complain of the weather; for our good Father knows what is best for us. She says the springs must be filled for the winter, or what should we drink? and where would the wash be?

Words are puzzling, and too alike, when they mean different. Spring of the year, spring to jump, and springs of water. When people made words, were they children, and didn't know how to make enough?

Answer quick as you can,
If you enter into my plan.

Your dear Cousin,

MADGE.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE LAMB THAT STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

LONG ago, in eastern countries, flocks of sheep were often seen grazing on the steep hill-sides, and on the mountain-tops; for sheep dearly love the short grass that grows in such localities. On one of these hill-sides lived a dear, good shepherd whom we shall call James, his faithful wife Mary, and their two children—Jamie, like his father in form and action, and May, who was the very image of her mother.

A happy family, you will say. Yes; so it was. This dear, good shepherd took good care of his sheep and tender lambs, and was ever faithful to his own dear lambs in his home-fold. But one bright morning it chanced that James could not go with the sheep to the "green pastures," so he told Jamie and May to go and care for them.

They set out on their mission of usefulness with high hopes and anticipations. They could hardly realize at first that their parents had consented to repose so much confidence in them, and felt quite a glow of pride when they found how readily they could guide their flock with their own little crooks. While the sheep were grazing quietly, the youthful shepherd and shepherdess seated themselves beside the "still waters" of a quiet rivulet, and thus commenced a little conversation.

"Jamie," said May, "when you are grown to be a man, shouldn't you like to be a king and rule all the land?"

"No; I should rather be a shepherd, just like father, and have great flocks, and do nothing but take care of them."

"Well, would'nt you like to be like David, take care of sheep when young, and after that, become king?"

Jamie seemed to be thinking deeply before giving his answer, when May exclaimed, "The lamb! The lamb! The *little* lamb! I cannot see it any where, dear brother."

Now there was one lamb more feeble than the others, and needed constant watching; but the dear children, so overjoyed with the trust committed to them, and so much interested in talking, had for a little time forgotten all else. They immediately searched all around for their lost treasure, but it was no where to be found. They searched diligently, calling its name, but no sound came back to them.

Their bright morning was soon turned to sadness. They quickly resolved to hasten home and tell their parents just what had happened. This was the only right course they could pursue. There was the feeling of unfaithfulness on their part, but they had such confidence in their parents, they knew they should be forgiven. As they approached home, long before twilight, the good shepherd and wife came out to welcome them. But

there was sadness on the countenances of their darling children. What is it? asked they.

"Our own little wee lamb has strayed from the fold, and we cannot find it any where," said Jamie.

"Well, my children, I have happy news for you. The little lamb came back long ago, and is now safe in the fold. He probably missed his old shepherd and came back."

Now this story full of meaning and very instructive. I would say to every reader of the Dayspring, take it home, and may every parent and Sunday-school teacher so aim to direct the young, that they may *voluntarily* come back to the Good Shepherd whose lambs they are.

BUTTERFLIES.

THE butterflies do not make honey for us like the bees, and so are not held in so high esteem by practical people. They live a gay life, flitting from flower to flower, sipping the drops of honey-dew, but making no provision for the future. They are often made to point a moral. No one must be like the butterflies, but everybody must be like the bees.

The bees are well enough. They make good honey. But we would spare the bees, honey and all, before we would give up the butterflies. They teach good lessons, even better ones than the bees. Many of them are as beautiful as the flowers they light upon, and they are always the delight of childish eyes, and of old eyes too.

What boy has not smashed his hat trying to catch a butterfly? Butterfly-chasing is quite as important a part of youthful education as eating honey. We are free to say we like the butterflies, and as God gives them only a summer day, we are glad they can enjoy it. We want all the

boys and girls to have butterfly-days,— days when they can forget books, work, the future; when they can ramble over the fields, and through the woods, or wade the brooks and ponds for lilies, happy in just what the present brings.

We thank the bees for their wise lessons, and we mean to profit by them. We thank the butterflies too, for unfolding their bright wings and showing us how to have holiday.

Our young readers need not be told that caterpillars turn into butterflies. They know that already, and have wondered how such a thing can be. The caterpillar is invested with a new interest, and treated with much greater consideration on account of the butterfly he is going to be, just as we treat the most degraded human beings with kindness, and even respect, on account of the soul that is in them, and the grand destiny before it.

The picture represents two butterflies of the swallow-tailed species, a kind quite common in Europe. They have yellow wings, marked with black, and the hinder ones are also ornamented with a row of light blue spots. Two caterpillars are also represented. These are about an inch and a half long, of a bright green color, with black velvety rings, and spots of a reddish color. A chrysalis may be seen, also, attached to one of the flower-stocks.

From the egg of the butterfly is hatched a little worm-like thing which grows into a caterpillar. During the process of growth, it several times changes its skin. When it is time for the caterpillar-life to be finished, some species wrap themselves into a kind of silken case called a cocoon; while others suspend themselves by the tail end from the stem of a leaf or plant, and fasten themselves to it by a silken thread. They thus enter upon their chrysalis state, in which they remain for a longer or shorter time,

according to circumstances. They seem to be dead. But in due time out of this seemingly dead chrysalis comes a thing of life, — no longer a crawling worm, but a bright-winged roamer of the air.

It can be seen from this why the butterfly has been taken as the symbol of the resurrection. Our bodies die, but our souls issue from them into a new world, and enter upon wider and grander scenes, — just as the caterpillar goes into its chrysalis state; and, the old caterpillar-form thrown off, there issues from thence the butterfly, to enter upon a more beautiful life.

EVENING PRAYER.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!

Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night!

Heber.

At a recent Sabbath-school concert in a suburban church, the ordinance of baptism was administered. The clergyman in charge expressed gratification that the occasion offered him so good an opportunity to explain to the children the nature of the service. By way of illustration, he said: "In Old-Testament times, blood was offered as an atoning sacrifice, hence it was spoken of as a purifier; but what is used as an emblem of purity now-a-days,— what element conveys the idea of perfect cleanliness?" A moment's silence, and then a dozen little voices squeaked out, "Soap!"

WORK, work with all your might,
Whenever work's begun;
Play, play with all your might,
Whenever work is done.



WALTER AND ROVER.

THE BEES.

SUSIE loves to watch the bees. She will sit down by the hives, listening to the constant hum, and wondering how the bees can build so many little cells, all alike, and then fill them with such delicious honey.

The bees come out of the hive, fly off in search of the sweetest flowers, and then come back with their little loads of wax for making the cells, and full of the sweetness they have gathered from the flowers.

All the time they are just as happy as bees can be. "The Child's Paper" has these verses about the bee:—

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow—
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy
He's making his wax.
On pinks and on lilies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms,
He levies a tax.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
The sweet-smelling clover,
He, humming, hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings:
He never gets lazy;
From thistle and daisy,
And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz-z-z-z-z-z, buzz!
From morning's first gray light
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh, we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

WALTER AND ROVER.

ROVER thinks his little master looks very fine. See how earnestly he gazes at him. He wants to be noticed, and is ready for a good play, if Walter will only say the word.

Walter is very kind to Rover, as boys ought always to be to all dumb animals. So Rover thinks there never was a dog had so good a master as he has.

Rover can do many funny things. He can stand on his hind legs, put out his paw to shake hands, and make a bow.

He always minds Walter. He will lie down, get up, bark, go out of the room, come in, at just a little word. We are not sure that Walter is quite so obedient himself to his parents, and to those who have the care of him, but we hope he is.

IF what shone afar so grand,
Turn to nothing in thy hand,
On again; the virtue lies
In the struggle, not the prize.

R. M. Milnes.

For The Dayspring.

THE TWO ROSE-BUSHES.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



ARRIE and Lina had each a little garden, where they spent many a happy hour. Their father had the ground prepared, and furnished the seeds, slips, and bulbs they wanted. They had each a rake, hoe, trowel, and water-pot; and they took care of their gardens themselves. As these were adjoining, the little sisters were together in their work.

Both little girls were industrious; and the gardens were very pretty. There were plenty of roses, lilies, sweet pinks, and pansies; and when these gave place to autumn-flowers, the gardens were fairly aglow with salvias, geraniums, asters, and dahlias.

In the centre of each garden was a moss-rose bush. The two were as nearly alike as possible, Mr. Whitney having selected them as a present to his little girls. These rose-bushes were their special favorites, and received much watching and care.

One morning, when Carrie was gathering a bouquet for her mother, — as they were in the habit of doing in turn, — she culled a full-blown rose and two buds from this centre bush.

"I wouldn't do that, Carrie," said Lina; "mamma would just as lieve have other flowers, and we have so few on these bushes. I'm not going to pick a single one of mine, but keep it looking as pretty as I can."

"I'd rather give mother some, if it doesn't look quite as pretty," said Carrie. "You forget, Lina, that moss-roses are her favorites."

So, day after day, when it was Carrie's turn to get the bouquet, she put in one moss-rose, and sometimes more. Lina felt half-

ashamed when she saw this, but tried to excuse herself in her own thoughts by saying, —

"Mamma has them every other morning, and I'm sure she is satisfied with that."

"Surely, Carrie," she said one day when her sister was gathering flowers to carry to school for their teacher, "Miss Winslow does not know any thing about our rose-bushes, and you don't need to give her those," for Carrie had her hand on a beautiful rose.

"I'd rather," was the quiet reply; and Carrie felt quite repaid for her little act of self-denial when her teacher, after thanking her heartily, mentioned that rose in particular, noticing its delicate beauty and exquisite fragrance.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Whitney, "will you start for school a little earlier than usual to-day, and do an errand for me? I want to send a mould of blanc-mange to old Mrs. Cotton, who is sick."

"Yes, mamma," was the ready reply; and the little girl, though very busy with her garden, left her pleasant work without even a sober face, and went towards the house. Half way, however, she stopped, and running back, began to gather a beautiful bunch of flowers."

"That again, Carrie," asked Lina, surprised, as her sister picked two moss-roses; "you will not have one left when Aunt Mary comes, and I should think you would want her to see it."

But that day, and for days afterwards, the poor old lady's room was brightened, and her heart cheered, by the fresh flowers Carrie always remembered to gather and leave on her way to school. Though the little girl did not know it, the moss-rose was especially welcome, for it was linked with the old dame's dearest recollections of her childhood's home.

Carrie's moss-roses, too, with other blossoms from her store, found their way to a feeble little child, to whom they were an untold treasure of beauty and sweetness.

Well, autumn with its wealth of fruits and grains and changing leaves, — winter, with its snows, passed by, and spring came again. One pleasant evening, in early June, Mrs. Whitney went out with her little girls, to see their gardens. They were alike well kept; but Carrie had more flowers than Lina, and in the two rose-bushes this difference was marked.

"What can be the reason, mother?" Lina asked. "I have taken quite as good care of my bush as Carrie, and kept my roses. She gathered hers every day, and yet she has more than I. I don't understand it."

Mrs. Whitney looked over the plants carefully, and replied, —

"I can think of but one reason, Lina, and you have just told it yourself. Carrie's bush has become more productive by having the blossoms gathered."

The little girls were both surprised. The mother added, —

"It is a law of nature, that *use tends to reproduction*. It is a law of life, too. If you watch, you will find proofs of it almost every day. And as you grow older, you will learn, I hope, more and more in daily life, the truth of our Saviour's words, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' It may not be an increase of earthly prosperity, though it often includes that; but in some sense the promise is always fulfilled."

THE LILY IN THE EAST.

OUR camels, says a traveller in Palestine, were scattered on the numerous slopes in search of food. On these heights the lilies abounded, with grass and low shrubs between. I noticed that the camels did not touch the

lilies at all, but cropped what lay between. It reminded me of the words, "He feedeth *among* the lilies" (Song of Solomon, ii. 16), — among, but not *on* the lilies; for, while the lily furnishes no acceptable food for flocks and herds, it seems, by the shade of its high, broad leaves, to retain the moisture, and so to nourish herbage, wherever it grows. The place of lilies would thus be the place of the richest pasture, as Solomon evidently indicates when, again using the figure, he speaks of the "young roes which feed *among* the lilies."

In the course of his travels in the East, Dr. Bonar informs us that he came to immense beds of lilies and hyacinths of various kinds. They grew thickly together, and covered miles of sand. "They grow," he tells us, "in almost incredible numbers and luxuriance, often where nothing else flourishes, reminding one of the prophet's allusion, 'He shall grow *as the lily*'" (Hosea xiv. 5).

Early Days.

For The Dayspring.

THE IMPATIENT DAISY.

[This pretty little poem came in season for the May number, but got mislaid. We ask "Aunt Clara's" pardon, and hope she will let us hear from her often.]

"WHAT is the matter?" said Daisy Blue;
"With all my pushing, I can't get through.
Isn't there some one keeping me down?"
Said Daisy, wearing an awful frown.

"I haven't tasted a breath of air
For five long months, — and it isn't fair!
Is't *you*, Jack Frost, at your tricks of old,
Keeping me here so long in the cold?"

Lift up your foot just a moment, — do!
And let me see if the winter's through.
I long to be *first* to see the sun!
I'm weary of waiting for spring to come."

"Don't get impatient," a small worm said,
Creeping up close to the Daisy's bed;
"The spring is backward this year, they say,
And the snow has hardly gone away.

So stay contented a while with me,
Till in God's time the brooks are free;
Then you can easily peep up through
Without any pushing, Daisy Blue."

But Daisy, heedless of what was said,
Pushed and kept pushing her little head,
Till she came into the cold, wet spring:
And there she stood, badly shivering.

And when night came, with its sleet and snow,
She wished herself back again below.
But that couldn't be. Her foolish pride
Could not keep her warm. And so she died.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

BOOK NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF THE CORRUPTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY, by Joseph Priestly, LL.D., F.R.S., is reprinted, with notes, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. It was first published in 1782. The student of the early history of Christianity, and of the peculiar doctrines of the church, will find this work of great value.

THE LIVING WORD is published by Ginn Brothers, Boston. It brings together those passages of Scripture presenting fundamental religious truths, — as, for instance, God and his attributes, the spirit of Jesus, Man, and the various Christian sentiments and virtues. The maker of the book has done a good thing, and his work will render good service to many. It is for the home, the school, and the church.

BOSTON ILLUSTRATED, published by James R. Osgood & Co., is a very neat thing in its way. It came out in time for the Great Jubilee, but will be just as attractive and useful when the Jubilee is over. It is accompanied by the "Stranger's New Guide" through Boston and vicinity.

Puzzles.

10.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in ten, but not in one;
My second is in heat, but not in sun;
My third is in mean, but not in small;
My fourth is in short, but not in tall;
My fifth is in queer, but not in droll;
My sixth is in run, but not in roll;
My seventh is in feed, but not in eat;
My eighth is in search, but not in seek;
My ninth is in you, but not in me;
My tenth is in shrub, but not in tree;
My eleventh is in act, but not in deed;
My twelfth is in church, but not in creed;
My thirteenth is in brook, but not in stream;
My fourteenth is in shout, but not in scream;
My fifteenth is in cattle, but not in herd;
My whole is a place where we learn God's word.

11.

BURIED NEW TESTAMENT PLACES.

1. Let him pommel it as long as he will.
2. Emma used the book yesterday.
3. Let William brag, Ada ran faster than he.
4. So do, my friend, and all will be well.
5. Give Elizabeth a bar, and let her help.
6. The young sweep he suspects is innocent.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

8. Minnie, Nellie, and Kate.
9. P hiladelp hi a.
E de n.
A ga g.
C yren e.
E lieze r.

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